

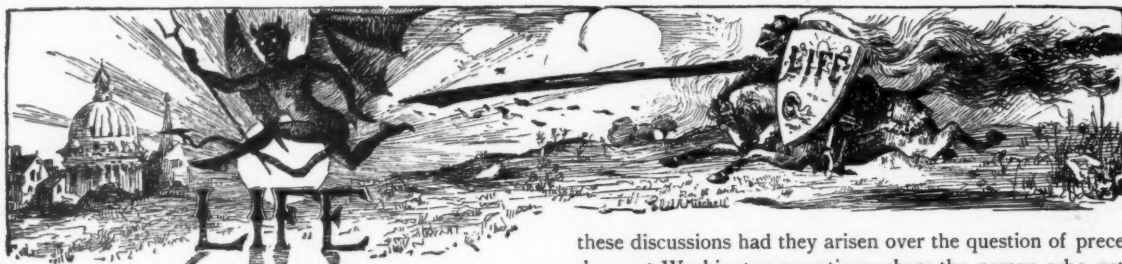
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ECONOMIZING HIS ENERGY.

Ethelberta: OH! TOM! TOM! LET US JUMP—QUICK!

Tom (leisurely): 'TWOULD ONLY BE THE TROUBLE FOR NOTHING; WE SHALL BE THROWN OUT IN A MINUTE.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XII. AUGUST 9, 1888. No. 293.
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

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ONE of the reasons why President Cleveland must serve a second term is because we need Mrs. Cleveland in the White House four years more to teach conduct and manners to American society. An incident that is at present "going the rounds of the press" illustrates our point. This incident relates that the fashionables of Washington received a shock, of we do not know how many thousand volts intensity, a few weeks ago, upon learning that one of Mrs. Cleveland's most cherished and intimate friends was so far lost to all sense of shame as to teach music in a seminary and accept a salary therefor. The humiliation of these fashionables, upon discovering that they had suffered the degradation of association with a woman who earned her own livelihood may better be imagined than described, as the novelists say, particularly as these same fashionables were unable to revenge themselves upon the person responsible for this abasement, without forfeiting, or at least endangering, their own social prestige. Their efforts to teach Mrs. Cleveland Washington etiquette on this point has only resulted thus far in showing them that the lady of the White House has a code of social ethics of her own, and that she conforms her conduct to it, oblivious to the effect upon that element of society that likes to consider itself the *haut monde*.

ONE of the most ridiculous phenomena of the American social system to the foreigner and to the native who possesses a sense of humor, have been the efforts of the office-holding class in Washington to build up an aristocracy in the Capitol City upon the plan of precedence in order of rank that obtains in European courts. Great editors have solemnly discussed the grave question during former administrations, as to whether the wife of the Secretary of the Interior should precede, upon public occasions, the partner of the bosom of the Secretary of War, or the consort of the Senator from Rhode Island go in to a state dinner ahead of the female who had promised to love, cherish, honor and obey the Senator from Texas; and heart-burnings, jealousies and bitter, life-long feuds have resulted from these same issues among our great statesmen and those who shared their joys and sorrows. We might understand the *raison d'être* for

these discussions had they arisen over the question of precedence at Washington receptions where the person who gets into the supper room last finds nothing left to eat; but, as they have been based upon ethical distinctions of rank, we have been confronted with the absurd anomaly of a self-proclaimed republican society attempting to form itself upon models that can only be serviceable under a monarchical government.

IF Mrs. Cleveland succeeds in making the American people understand that in a republican society there can be no such thing as caste, and that an aristocracy, if there is to be one, must be one of mental and moral culture, irrespective of other considerations, she will deserve as well of her country as any of its patriots or statesmen. Society, under monarchical governments, has formed itself naturally upon a basis of rank, where rank is fixed and its etiquette an exact science. If we Americans had allowed our social usages to form themselves upon our nobler natural model, as exemplified in the basilar principles of republicanism, we should not now be a race of snobs. It is due to the strange paradox that, while we admit the superiority of the American idea, we refuse to follow it to a conclusion that we have made a national ass of ourself.

IN view of these circumstances, there is comfort in the profound truth that action and reaction are a state of being. Never before were Americans so devout in their worship of things un-American. James Russell Lowell, the poet of democracy, was so overcome by the pomp and circumstance of an aristocratic form of government when he went abroad to represent the Republic that he has gone back to dangle permanently at the tail of the Court procession. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in recalling his recent tour abroad, remembers more about the titled fools he met than he does concerning the flower of British intellect with which he came in contact. Our present Minister to England, Edward J. Phelps, is a reverential royalist. Chauncey M. Depew, upon his return from his trip to England last year, had more to say concerning the kind attentions of the Prince of Wales, who had commanded him to dinner, than of any other incident of his travels. James G. Blaine, by the same command, hastened to the same royal presence, and talked of the event in public interviews as though it was to be considered a very momentous era in his life.

BY the laws of action and reaction, the very force of this un-American movement is bound soon to wear it out. But our Americanism must begin at home; and, as Mrs. Cleveland begins the counter-movement, perhaps unwittingly, by following the impulses of her own character, rather than the foolish usages of an anomalously constituted society, we may presage better things very soon.

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

(PRIVATE THEATRICALS.)

GAILY that night we played our parts
Of lover and of maid.
The play? I scarcely know, but hearts,
Pierced by a pair of Cupid's darts,
Loved on all undismayed.

And what a varied lot of ills
We had to undergo;
Our parent's wrath, which seldom kills—
Deaths—doubt—suspicion—missing wills—
Nearly three acts of woe!

But as the play approached its end
All evil turned to good;
Each enemy became a friend,
Our hearts were then allowed to blend,
As at the first they should.

And we, united, took our stand
Well forward, to the right.
With lover's clasp I held her hand,
With lover's breath her cheek I fanned,
And gazed, with keen delight,
Within those eyes whose perfect blue
Seemed purer blue for me,
Upon her hair, whose golden hue
Had almost made me miss my cue,
And whispered, tenderly,

"Dear, let's make earnest of this jest,
A fact from fiction gain;
Let's put love truly to the test"—
I said much more, but all the rest
Was in the self-same strain.

She softly smiled, and turned her head
A little more away;
"I am so sorry," then she said,
"Because, you know, I'm soon to wed
My father—in the play."

S. D. S., Jr.

SERVING AN OLD FRIEND.

YOUNG MAN (*to editor*): I sent a little poem here yesterday, sir; my name is Waffles.

EDITOR: Oh, yes. Are you a son of Mr. Montague H. Waffles?

YOUNG MAN: Yes, sir.

EDITOR: Well, I destroyed the poem myself—burned it up and buried the ashes ten feet deep. Your father, young man (*with emotion*), and I are old boyhood friends, and I love him as a brother. Bless the old boy! Tell him what I have done for him.

A REASONABLE MAN.

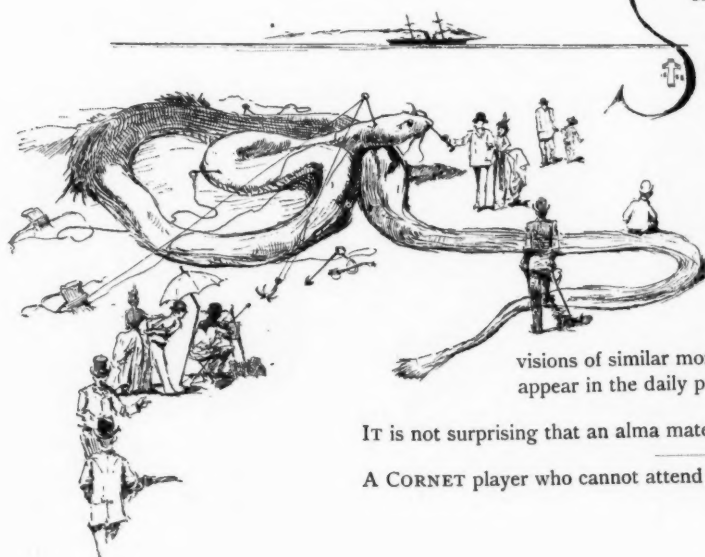
"WHAT is your preference, my friend," he said to a stranger at the Prohibitionist Convention, "whiskey or anti-whiskey?"

"No decided preference," replied the stranger; "I don't care what kind it is so long's it's whiskey."

THE reason Mohammed refused to go to the mountains was because the hotel rates were so high.

AN ink-convenience—A pen.

NONE OTHER GENUINE.



SINCE our last issue it has been the good fortune of one of our office-boys to achieve the most astounding marine victory of the century. While blue-fishing off the coast of Massachusetts he had a bite which nearly removed him from the presence of the other fishers. Retaining his grip, however, until the coast was reached, he succeeded in hauling ashore the first sea-serpent of the season. This particular office-boy is neither a heavy drinker nor a careless liar, and the giant of the deep still measures his length upon the sands for all who care to see him.

We mention this incident merely to be early in the field; not to cast discredit upon future visions of similar monsters which, in all human probability, will soon appear in the daily papers.

It is not surprising that an alma mater should give her students a diplo-ma.

A CORNET player who cannot attend the band meetings should send a subs-to-toot.



A POEM.

THE summer-hotel man rolls in wealth,
His name is known to fame;
The boarding-house farmer seems small indeed,
But he gets—

(At this point the pen dropped from his nerveless hand and he was laid in an unknown grave.)

* * *

SOME musical youths in a down-town commercial office contribute \$5.00 to LIFE'S "Fresh Air Fund," which amount is made up of fines collected as penalties for whistling during business hours. We would advise every business house in the city to establish a system of fines for whistling, and then we would suggest that every siffleur in these offices begin to whistle, and thus raise the wind for the little ones.

* * *

THE "DEADLY PARALLEL"—The bobtail street-car tracks.

* * *

THE four dynamiters who were arrested in Chicago last week were all Bohemians. We fear that this circumstance will augment the intensity of the prejudice against admitting Bohemians to polite society.

* * *

NOW that young Bill Hohenzollern has got back from his visit to Russia and Sweden, he will be called upon to render an accounting to old Mr. Bismarck. And it is quite safe to predict that if William has not conducted himself with propriety on this trip he will not be permitted to go visiting again unless Uncle Bismarck goes along to look after him.

* * *



Before

OUR
FRESH AIR
FUND

After

THE following letter is from a contributor to this fund:

DEAR LIFE:

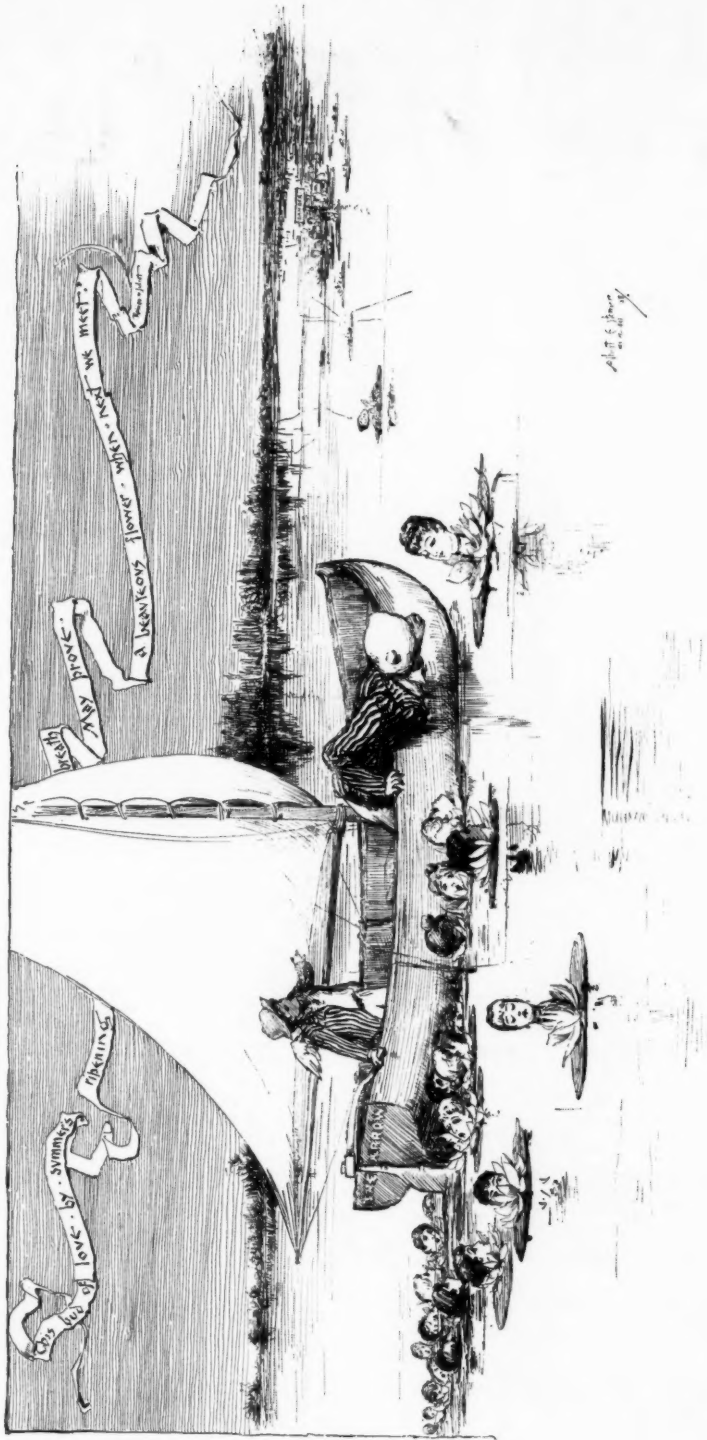
Ask the thousands of your readers who take the ferries on their way to the country, to go a few yards out of the direct lines of approach and see for themselves what tenement-house children look like in this hot weather. If you can turn the daily tide of outgoing people a short distance from its usual course for only a single day, "there will be dollars in it" for your good work.

Previously acknowledged \$2,364.97

Proceeds of an Entertainment given at "The Sagamore," Long Lake, Adirondack Mountains, July 21, 1888

H. E. B. W.	31.50
F. M. A.	3.00
Mrs. F. B.	24.00
Christopher	3.00
A "King's Daughter"	3.00
Willie	3.00
Anita	3.00
Dora	3.00
Howard	3.00
C. S. G.	10.00
"From Little Juda"	3.00
C. B. S., Jr.	3.00
Francis and Dorothy	5.00
From the hearts of five cheerful workers	3.00
Bryn Mawr	3.00
Rochester, N. Y.	10.00
Two Cousins	15.00
N. S. Amy	3.00
D'une petite fille	10.00
Mary, Grace and Eleanor	9.00
Tom, Vance and Dorothy	15.00
E. E.	3.00
F. J. P.	6.00
C. P. T.	6.00
H. M. H.	5.00
W. E. C.	6.00
Grace Hollingsworth	3.00
Anne Scarborough Hollingsworth	3.00
Mrs. Wm. D. Whipple	10.00
Theodor and Oswald	6.00
G. L. W.	15.00
A. B. T. S.	6.00
W. T. V.	10.00
Anne and Margaret	6.00
J. F. M. "Roulette"	15.00
Winnifred McMillan	5.00
E. J. A.	10.00
Ha Ha	3.00
Margaret	6.00
H. O. G. G.	3.00
I. M.	3.00
M. P. F.	3.00
M. L. M.	3.00
Dorothy	1.00
"In His Name"	2.00
Miss B.	3.00
From Des Moines, Iowa	1.00
Addie and Helen	3.00
G. E.	5.00
J. C. T.	3.00
Hypatia	6.00
A Farmington Girl	3.00
Lucretia	3.00
"Dufton"	205.00
Franc (Boston)	3.00
K. M. F.	10.00
Mrs. E. P.	9.00
Proceeds of Fair held by several little children at Jamestown, R. I.	39.00
H. and L.	6.00
Henry and Walter	3.00
Proceeds of an Entertainment held at Hotel Brighton, Long Branch, under the management of Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Stokes and Mrs. Smith	84.00
No Name	10.00
Contributor	3.00
L. M. P. and M. T. P.	10.00

Total, \$3,081.47



FOR A SUMMER'S DAY.



"WITH THE IMMORTALS."

IN "With the Immortals" (Macmillan), F. Marion Crawford again proves the wide range of his sympathies and experience. Every one of his books shows that he has touched life at many points, though often only on the surface. There is vitality, appreciation and variety in a nature like his. One feels that though he may not be deep he will at least be entertaining.

"With the Immortals" is his most ambitious work since "Zoroaster." It is hardly a story, though the framework is fiction. In a novel setting Heine, Chopin, Cæsar, Francis I., Dr. Johnson, the Chevalier Bayard, Pascal and Lionardo appear to a group of moderns who are spending a vacation in an old castle on the Isles of the Sirens. An experiment, on a huge scale, with electricity produces a remarkable local storm and results in the materialization of these distinguished spirits.

* * *

OF course all this machinery has for its only object to bring together a group representing the thought and life of widely different eras and have them discuss questions of art and philosophy. This is what Landor did successfully in his "Imaginary Conversations," and many others have attempted with degrees of failure. The sparkle and vivacity of Mr. Crawford's style save his book from stupidity. They hardly suffice, however, to carry one through the chapters on wit and happiness without weariness.

It is easy to go through these pages and collect clever epigrams which are worth reading twice, as, for example: "I believe that literature without realism cannot last. But I believe also that literature without romance cannot interest." Or, "The good writers occupy the position of Lot in the condemned cities—they are mourners at the funeral of romance." Or Lionardo's observation that "we were more simple than the moderns. We had less money, but we knew better how to spend it."

* * *

THE impression which one carries away from the finished volume is that the wisdom is hardly spontaneous; there are indications of a special course of reading on each character for the purpose of gleaning sentiments and phrases for this book. One feels that the author has caught specimens of the thought but not the spirit. And this is not a harsh criticism, for to be a thorough master of such a range of great characters would demand in an author something of the genius of each Immortal.

The concluding chapter contains seven pages of poetry—parts of it melodious and beautiful. There is strength and vitality in this:

"Long have you toiled upon the hard oak seat,
Your limbs are stiff and aching with the blast;
Your hands are cramped with grasping the wet sheet,
Your eyes are dim with watching from the mast

For some faint light amidst the driving sleet!
Now sinks the storm; now is the tempest past.
Run the long ship securely on the sand,
Stretch your long limbs and leap upon the land!"

* * *

JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S "A Dream and a Forgetting" (Belford) is a well-managed study of one character—a romantic, ingenuous poet who is spoiled by sudden success, which transfers him from respectable poverty in the country to luxury and ill-timed adulation in the city. The career of Burns is something of a prototype.

One has crisp and lucid prose in Hawthorne's stories, with gleams of fancy which show him capable of more work like "Prince Saroni's Wife" and "Archibald Malmaison."

Droch.

• NEW BOOKS •

MAIWA'S REVENGE. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Pictures at Play. By Two Art Critics. Illustrated by Harry Furniss. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

That Sister-in-Law of Mine. By Harry Parkes. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co.

Eden. By Edgar Saltus. Chicago, New York and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.

Eros. By Laura Daintrey. Chicago, New York and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.

Love Ventures. By Harry Julian. New York: The Truth Seeker Company.



Isaac (to customer whose coat has faded): VAT'S DAT, MINE VREND? YOU SAY DOT COAT WAS NOT FAST COLOR? YOU WRONG ME. LOOK YOU UNDER DE LAPEL VERE DE ZUN DON'T SHINE—IT'S SHUST SO BRIGHT AS DE DAY YOU BOUGHT IT.

NEWPORT NOTES.

AUGUST 6, 1888.



I EXPECT to be murdered for saying it, but candor compels me to confess that things are deadly dull here at present. Everybody seems to have either gone abroad or died—or both; and, in addition, something appears to have

gone wrong with the climate; either the firemen and engineers have struck, or the Gulf Stream has got into bad company and been led astray; at all events, summer has failed to connect, and us dear chappies go chattering around in our new thin clothes, and try to sit out on the piazza with our coats unbuttoned to show our fancy waistcoats, until we sneeze and turn so purple with the cold that we have to go inside and—well, it is really wonderful that when you try to warm up from inside what an awful amount of fuel is necessary to accomplish the object!

And then there is the bathing. Ugh! Dear me! It's like embracing an iceberg or a Boston girl just to think of it! But then there *are* people who go in bathing; they must all be married men, however, who are so accustomed to having things made hot for them that they are grateful for anything cooling whatsoever. On account of my cork leg, I am unable to go into the surf, as it does not agree with the machinery of the leg, and, in addition, it would look odd and unconventional; but I am overjoyed to state that there is a certain man—a man whom I should like to slowly torture to death—who does go down to the sea in a tired-looking bathing-suit, and whenever it is possible, I take a certain young lady over to the beach to see him come out of the water, blue and chattering, his hair in his eyes, and looking generally like a Prussian eagle that had slept out in a swamp! And then the certain young lady laughs a delicious little laugh that thrills me down to the tips of my cork leg, and I know I have scored a point against my hated rival. 'Rah!

To any one who is weary of this world and longing for rest and profound quiet, let me recommend the Newport Casino. In this charming enclosure, he will find the solitude and silence of the grave, unbroken, save by the faint echoes of the orchestra that, for some unknown reason, plays softly to itself of mornings. To be sure, there were one or two men who played tennis there once upon a time, but they doubtless felt that they were trifling in the presence of death and eternity, and in all probability they will never so offend again. There is some talk of making the Casino into a convent, but where the necessary supply of nuns is to come from, nobody seems to know, for, surely, the average American girl could not be depended upon to fill the gap, and, in addition, she would make the rummiest kind of nun imaginable!

At the old club, however, things are very jolly indeed; the clubhouse has been renovated inside and out, and is so cheerful and pleasant that us dear chappies pretty much live there. The hardiest of us sit out on the piazza and watch the dear girls go by, and as soon as the dear girls catch sight of the club, they lower their parasols and look straight ahead with a stony, oblivious glare, but the first one of them you meet will be sure to ask, "Who was that nice-looking fellow you were sitting with on the club piazza?" Now, how do they do it, I wonder?

And so the days glide by as though eternity was side-tracked, and, when evening comes, the dear chappies play pool for—that is, play pool—and, later on, help one another home. We all know the policeman personally, and they never interfere with us (and it is an awfully good thing to know policemen—policemen and rich girls); and so, as there are no sewers being built in our part of the town, we manage to get home as nicely as you please. Good-night, dear!

R. K.

OUR AUGUST WEATHER.

A BOSTONIAN has the effrontery to tell us that New York is much hotter in summer than the Hub. A statement of this kind merely shows how unfamiliar they are up there with our biting August winds. It was only three days ago that we heard the following conversation between two citizens as they were crossing the Park:



FIRST CITIZEN: I see by the paper the heat has been intense all over the country to-day.

SECOND CITIZEN: Yes, and I heard the hot wave from Boston was about due, and I put on a linen suit this morning. I regret it, as my pockets are full of snow, and the suit is ruined.

PHILADELPHIAN (to Mr. Childs): Your paper was very interesting this morning, Mr. Childs.

MR. CHILDS: Hey, what's that—interesting?

PHILADELPHIAN: Yes, sir.

MR. CHILDS (making a note, with as much sternness as he is capable of): I'll speak to the managing editor about it.



AN EXCITING MOMENT.

"Ye see it wuz like dis: It wuz de nint' innings an' each side wuz thirty-two runs. Jimmy wuz at de bat. He got onter Reddy's curve an' hit der ball a welt out ter centre-field. Tommy Scully giv' a jump fer it, but it went t'rough his fingers an' we winned de game."



Two is company & etc

4 P.M. Sunday Afternoon



3 P.M. Saturday Afternoon
ARRIVAL



5 A.M. Sunday morning

DONT

FAIL

SUN

MEMORANDUM, %

Fare 10 and fr. m. Dearman..
 1 pair of patent leather shoes
 blacked by the Butler
 and maid
 Amount lost at Poker
 to the Host 130.
 " to the
 three Daughters. 15.
 Feed the Butler 5 and
 told it returned so
 was forced to make it 10
 Feed second maid,
 " Chambermaid.

Total

For One Sunday at a Country
 House.

• L E •

he back
Soon

LTO
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10

Cur

use.

1896



6 A.M. Monday Morning

8 A.M. Sunday Morning

SPEND

Great Scott!
My Patent-leather

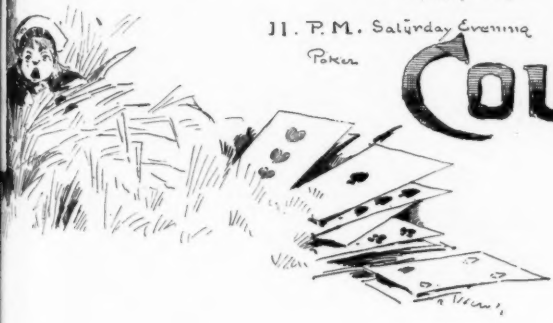
IN
THE



11 P.M. Saturday Evening

Poker

COUNTRY.





SUMMER STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE DOG.

AGAIN, reader mine, let us walk out into Nature's world and seek instruction and profit. Even so familiar an animal as the dog—too familiar, sometimes—has its place in the great scheme.

The dog is said to be man's best friend, and you will note that there is quite as much friendship in a common yellow dog as in a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar mastiff, with spiked collar and pedigree sworn to by the man that sold him. You will also see that in buying a dog it is quite as necessary to get the pedigree of the man that sells him as of the dog itself, unless you are willing to risk being taken for a dog-thief.

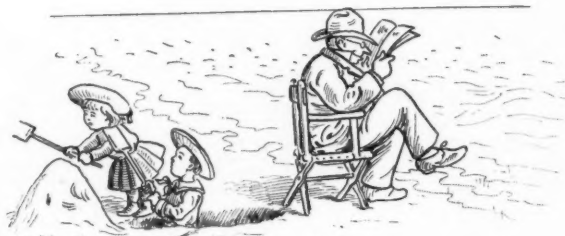
Neither tickling the palate of a Chinese *gourmet*, nor forming a basis in a composition of the highly accentuated Frankfurt sausage, is the dog's highest function. In the Alps the thrifty monks fit out their St. Bernard dogs with a small keg and a liquor license, and send them forth to provide hot Tom-and-Jerries for frozen travelers. Nearer home you will often see a fifty-dollar dog leading through the streets, attached to the end of an iron chain, a twenty-five cent dude, who otherwise might not be able to find his way home. Dogs of the smaller varieties are often used to give something to think of to women who are not up to thinking of anything else. Thus kindly Nature provides brains for those who have none.

Another use of the dog is the removal of tin cans which have become superfluous in the family housekeeping. The only trouble with this is that it requires a new dog for each can removed, the difficulty being that a dog so employed rarely returns to repeat the service.

A canine paradox is the fact that a sad dog is usually quite a jovial person, and among the mysteries of this branch of the study we are engaged in, is that no one has ever been able to catch a specimen of the dogs of war that have so often been let loose, which leads to the conclusion that this species must be extinct. Another mystery is, whence comes the supply of curs which is the source of the dog-catchers' princely incomes. I am of opinion that these persons devote the winter months to the breeding of dogs, which are turned loose at the beginning of the open season, and are snared by the dog-catchers when the supply of thoroughbreds and family pets grows scarce.

We have all read how Lazarus, the beggar, was sore because the rich man would not have him in to dinner, and how the dogs stood by him nevertheless. This seems to furnish a precedent for the often observed phenomenon that

BY THE SEA.





the poorer a family becomes the more dogs they accumulate, and that they always have a litter of mongrel puppies from which to bestow gifts.

Many sensible men keep soprano-voiced terriers, with the belief that they will give better notice of the approach of burglars than larger dogs would. This belief has a considerable basis of fact, and many a man, through the warning bark, has been able to crawl under the bed and save a valuable life which might otherwise have been lost.

Once more, reader mine, you learn that using the gifts of observation Nature has given you, you will find in this apparently commonplace world much of instruction and improvement.

Metcalfe.

AN ENJOYABLE TIME.

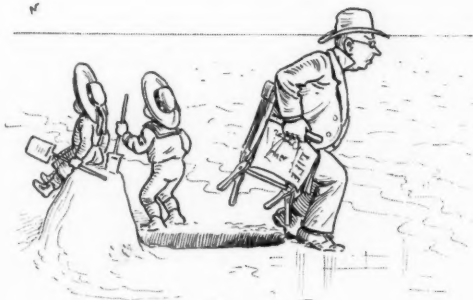
"I SEE in the papers, Miss Boylston," remarked Mr. Lakeside, of Chicago, "that Mr. Lowell, of your city, was given a dinner by London authors."

"Indeed?" replied Miss Boylston, with a slight cough, "I hope the dinner enjoyed him."

CHOOSING THE LESSER EVIL.

OFFICE BOY (to editor): There's a female book-agent outside, sir, an' a red-eyed man what wants to whip de editor.

EDITOR: Well, show the man what wants to whip the editor in.



REFLECTIONS.

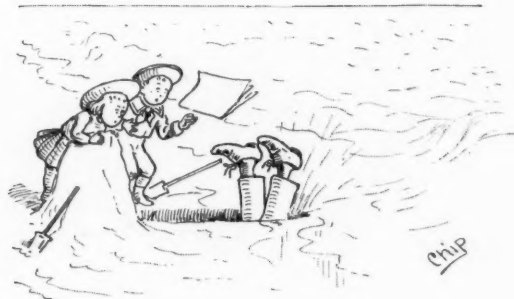
WHEREAS, this journal has from time to time heretofore been the scene of sundry disparaging expressions as to the novels of Mr. Howells—albeit such expressions have never been penal, but always reformatory in their purpose—it is proper here to state that parts of "Annie Kilbourne" are decidedly readable, and that a rumor comes from the western part of this State that sensitive readers have shown symptoms of tears over some things in the last instalment. There is a minister in the story who might be put in as documentary evidence that Mr. Howells has really got valuable ideas out of Tolstoi.

There are rumors, too, that Mr. James has also improved, and that his latest works are edifying. It will be a proud day for LIFE when both these gifted gentlemen, scourged from their maleficent theories, are found humbly putting in their sturdiest licks for the entertainment of their brethren.

UP to the time of our going to press, there has been no positive indication that Elliot Shepard has heard of the death of Mr. Courtland Palmer. Colonel Shepard is understood to be at Bar Harbor, where, perhaps, he is too busy to canvass the pretensions of Mr. Palmer to enter "the newspaper Heaven." At all events, the *Mail and Express* has had nothing abnormal about him, his club, or his funeral.

Indeed, Mr. Palmer must have been gratified if he could have been spared to read his own obituaries. A great many people and newspapers, to whom his opinions and religious preferences were obnoxious, found the kindest things to say of him, and accorded a sincere recognition to the usefulness of his labors. The attitude of his contemporaries toward him seems to be explained by a paragraph in the *Sun*, which records that—

"He was a man who always showed the utmost respect for the faith of the adherents of every creed, and never indulged in ridicule





MORE THAN MERE ADDITION.

"I HEAR YOU HAVE HAD AN ADDITION TO YOUR FAMILY, MR. BROWN."

Mr. Brown (sadly): MULTIPLICATION, MY DEAR MADAM—TWINS!

of any believer's religious convictions. His courtesy alone would have prevented him from doing so, but he was guided in this respect by an instinct that lay deep in his constitution."

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE has published in the *Critic* a letter which expresses such a cordial admiration for the late Mr. E. P. Roe that the reader hardly knows which is most worthy of remark, that Mr. Hawthorne should have had such feelings, or that Mr. Roe should have inspired them.

SINCE Mr. Smalley's assurance that the Cornelius Vanderbilts made no mistakes during their term of intercourse with the best people in London, very general regret is expressed that Mr. Smalley's friend, Mr. Matthew Arnold, did not live to meet them.

THE Chicago *News* man who saw Mr. Charles A. Dana when he passed through Chicago, on his way to Milwaukee, reported that—

"While Mr. Dana is not noticeably negligent with his apparel, it was evident yesterday that his suit was not wasting its light-gray life away in an undying struggle to fit him neatly."

Is it possible that Mr. Dana laid aside his own exact apparel and borrowed a suit of Mr. Jones or Mr. Reid, so as not to seem more carefully attired than his hosts? Or did the *News* person confuse the identity of Mr. Dana and the able foreign correspondent of the *Sun*, Mr. Blakely Hall, who was in Chicago at the same time?

THESE are hard times for the poor old Erie Canal, which seemed at times, last month, to be upon the brink of such a collapse as befell the one-hoss shay.

E. S. M.

"FIFTY YEARS AFTER."

HE goes to the Opera Comique,
Tho' feeble and rather antique:
He gives as a reason,
In their budding-out season,
The dancers belonged to his clique.

B. McV. A.

HARD TO OPEN.

"WHAT in the world, John," asked his wife, "did you open that can of tomatoes with?"

"Can-opener, of course," he growled; "what do you s'pose I opened it with?"

"I thought, from the language you used, you were opening it with prayer."

BETRAYED BY HER LANGUAGE.

YOUNG LADY (breathlessly): Ah, owing to an unexpected and unavoidable detention, Conductor, I discovered on reaching the station that my time was too limited to enable me to purchase a ticket.

CONDUCTOR: Yes'm; it's five dollars to Boston.

GOING TO WAIST.

CHOLMONDELEY: Sad thing this, about poor Blowemoff. He's wasting all his money in high living!

SMYTHE: Very sad! Everything going to waist.



Granger: So THEY AIN'T NUTHIN' HERE FUR ME; WAL, STRANGER, IS THAR ENY OTHER GOOD POST-OFFICE IN TOWN?



SUBLIME JOKES.

JOKES of humorists all remind us
That the gags the most sublime,
Are the ones that limp behind us
Covered with the moss of time.

Jokelets that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and half-wit brother,
Seeing, may re-vamp again.

Let us then be up and boozing
With a heart for any fate,
Still a-seizing, still a-choosing
Chestnuts that have learned to wait.

—Buffalo Express.

HIRED GIRL (to tramp): Go 'way; I won't give you nothin'.

TRAMP (from Boston): Particularly grammar. Good-bye!—
Washington Critic.

MAJOR SMITH: Colonel Jones, can you tell me where General
Robinson got his military title?

COL. JONES: Certainly, sir. He was general ticket-agent at
Kalamazoo, Mich., for six years.—Puck.

VILLAGE PARSON (entering country editor's office): You promised
to publish that sermon I sent you on Monday, but I do not find it
in the latest issue of your paper.

EDITOR: I sent it up. It surely went in. What was the name
of it?

PARSON: "Feed my Lambs."

EDITOR (after searching through paper): Ah—yes—um—Here, it
is. You see we've got a new foreman and he put it under the head
of "Agricultural Notes" as "Hints on the Care of Sheep."—Boston
Beacon.

"I HAD my picture taken to-day," said little Christine. "I crossed
my arms and leaned on a chair and the picture-man put my head in
some tongs."

"Why, you must have looked like a lump of sugar in sugar-tongs,"
laughed papa.

"Why, so I must have," said Christine, delightedly, "cause the
man kept saying, 'What a sweet little girl!'"—Religious Record.

FIRST CHICAGO ANARCHIST: Py Gum! You hear dot? More
inquisitions. More tyrannies. Ve must revolt.

SECOND ANARCHIST: Vot happen now?

"You hear about dose Waifs Mission cruelties?"

"Nein."

"Id's awful. Last veek dose beeples caught 500 newspoys und
vashed 'em!"—Omaha World.

FIRST NEW-YORKER: Parnell seems to understand the Irish very
well.

SECOND NEW-YORKER: Indeed he does. He couldn't know
more about them if he had lived all his life in New York.—Texas
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HE: A sister! Lend me \$5.—Detroit Free
Press.

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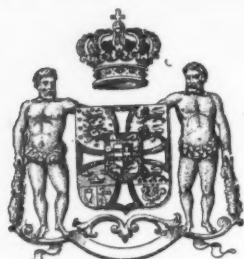
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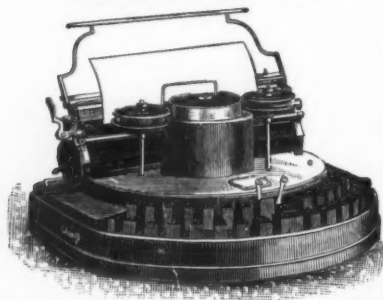
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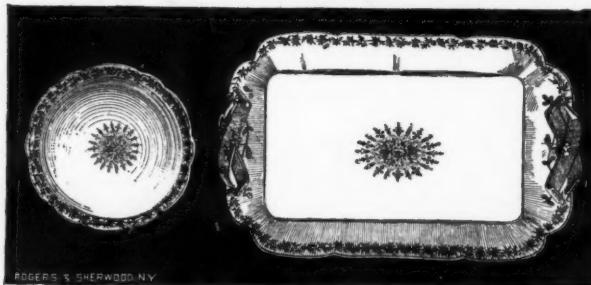
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